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and rain ceased, and the thunder shook no more the foundations of the earth; the clouds separated and revealed the setting sun in all his glory.

King Ty-ho partook of the rice and drank the cup prepared for him by Lyng, the future queen of the Van-to-hi-los. After this the king laid himself down upon his couch, and his followers watched around him the whole night as he lay there buried in a deep and troubled sleep. When the sun rose in the morning, they approached the king's couch; his spirit had departed, and King Ty-ho was no more.

When his followers found how the words of Chong-fu had been fulfilled in their presence, they prostrated themselves before Yang-tze and his wife, and proclaimed them their king and queen. Yang-tze immediately assumed the position assigned him by Chong-fu through his priest and servant Cho-ling. He donned the garments of the departed king, and his wife Lyng was arrayed in queenly robes of wool from the sheep of Thibet, interwoven with silver and gold, and spangled with precious stones, and He-lo was given her as her servant. Yang-tze and his followers, many hundreds in number, with all their cattle and goods, broke up their encampment, and went to the temple of the Van-to-hi-los, accompanied by Cho-ling and the leaders of the people of the Van-to-hi-los. When they arrived, and Cho-ling had told the people the will of Chong-fu, and how it had been fulfilled in their presence in the death of Ty-ho, their king, whose remains were brought along, the people rejoiced that a new king had been set over them, and they swore allegiance to their new king, and in token of their gratitude, tied bundles of rice straw to the end of their queues, large and small, according to their rank and station. Cho-ling displayed the largest bundle of all, for he was the first man in the country after Yang-tze, the king, and Lyng, the queen of the Van-to-hi-los. What Cho-ling had predicted, that Lyng should be the queen of her people, came to pass.

Yang-tze gathered his warriors, and set out to meet the Yan-tos; but when they arrived at the place where they expected to encounter them in battle, they had departed, leaving behind a messenger of peace and presents of cattle and rice to Yang-tze, Lyng, and Cho-ling.

THE advice is unsound, as well as impracticable, which recommends that our time be always occupied with some industrious, or at least specific pursuit. After laborious mental efforts, the attention should be diverted to the lightest subjects possible; and as a general rule, it is best to leave the intellect a good deal free to its own operations, and to the entrance of casual reflections. Hobbes attributed his superiority to the moderation of his reading, affirming that if he had read as much as the philosophers, he should have been as ignorant. The fact is, he read less than he meditated. This, the great secret of all vigorous, creative thought, is a prime requisite in constructing the durable monuments of genius.—*Culow.*

AN APPARENT CONTRADICTION.

Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of R. TOPFFER.

It may seem from what I have said, in a former essay, that a true artist disdains his brushes, his India ink and his Wattman, convinced that these implements have little or nothing to do with the affair. But it is not so, and I should be the first to acknowledge that, one of the most certain signs whereby we recognize the veritable artist is the respect which he has for his materials—the care he bestows upon them—the place he assigns them in his affections. Here is a contradiction which I will explain, for it is only an apparent one.

St. Preux loved even the slipper of Julie—the artist loves the merest trifles of his art.

You will find the comparison strange, but it is true. Have you not known artists wanting bread, and spending their last cent for these trifles? Have you not seen them incurring obligations for their Art, which they would not do for their subsistence? Have you not encountered those who were misers in all things else—prodigals in this only? And is it not thus that true love shows itself? Listen—I will tell you a story, and you will be no longer surprised at my slipper.

I knew once a young household—the household of an artist, whom necessity as well as certain considerations in the matter of light compelled to reside in the attic. Here the husband at his picture, the wife engaged in her domestic duties, passed together days full of happiness, for peace, occupation and love changed this modest retreat into a paradise. I went often to see them, attracted by the sight of this tranquil happiness, and it was during these visits that I remarked at times certain shades of sadness in the countenance of the young wife, and certain signs of impatience in her humor, which she could not entirely dissemble, but the cause of which escaped me. One day, finding her alone, and seemingly gay and contented, I made the remark that she seemed happier than usual. She became suddenly pensive, and as it were, vexed, that I should have penetrated the secret of her heart. "It is true," at length said she; "but there are moments when I am jealous."

Jealous! I thought for a moment, as you also perhaps think, that some other woman—not at all.

"I am jealous," resumed she, with a smile full of sensibility; "my husband loves his art so much, he forgets me sometimes for it; he has for it affections, thoughts, which it would be sweet to me to possess without sharing. When we are alone, from the place where I am at work, I read in his face thoughts, feelings, which are strange to me, and I feel as if a third person were there, who draws him away from me. When I go out, and when pressed by the necessity of seeing him, I return in haste, I find him at his easel, calm, happy, having hardly missed me; and the idea that he is indifferent to my absence is bitter to me.

"And now," added she, while her eyes filled with tears

and her cheek flushed, "I feel sometimes that I hold but the second place in his heart; or, at least, in his pleasures; and I think with sadness, that he would be less unhappy were he to lose me, than if by some accident he were to lose his art."

This is my story. I think I have proved my comparison to be just; and you will allow that it is love for his Art, and not for the method or process merely, which attaches a true artist to the veriest trifles which serve him in his cherished works, from which alone he hopes to obtain pleasure, honor, and glory.

Architecture.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

Regular Meeting of January 4, 1859.—The minutes of the last meeting having been read and approved, the treasurer presented his report for the year ending January 4th, which was accepted; a vote of thanks was tendered to J. W. Ritch, for the satisfactory manner in which the finances of the Institute had been attended to. The librarian then read his report for the past year, and at the same time presented to the Institute "Pugin and Britton's Public Buildings of London"—a donation from Joseph Sands, Esq., to whom a vote of thanks was also tendered. The report of the Board of Trustees was unanimously accepted. Officers appointed for the ensuing year: Richard Upjohn, president; Thomas U. Walter, vice-president; Joseph C. Wells, treasurer; Richard M. Hunt, secretary and librarian.

The general business of the evening having been attended to, Mr. Henry Van Brunt read the following paper:

In the paper read before you at our last meeting by a distinguished member of the Institute, there appears to have been a general misapprehension of my intention when opening this discussion on iron. It was not an attempt to prove that iron should supersede stone as a building material, or that stone in any respect should lose that monumental eminence which through all the centuries of architecture it has so proudly earned. Far from it. My object was to prove that, as iron was a material peculiarly adapted to meet many modern emergencies of practical building, so it contained within itself a facility for *pure architectural decoration*, which, notwithstanding the obloquy heaped on the very name of cast iron, should recommend it to the peculiar study of architects.

I expected that if my essay provoked opposition, much use would be made of those terms of contempt which custom has associated with the artistic use of cast iron. I can easily conceive that a mind harmonized and sanctified by contemplation of the beautiful causes and effects of ancient architecture (causes which, by the by, have no existence now, and effects, therefore, which scarcely should be emulated)—I admit that a mind so trained, and an eye rendered fastidious by the study of time-touched sculpture, would naturally shrink from the use of a material utterly devoid of poetic associations, and to which is attached the idea of cheapness and meanness, newness and flimsiness. Yet I trust I will be pardoned if, while admitting the force of some of the strictures of Mr. Eidlitz, I am not conscious that he has touched the heart of this matter. In his ardor to destroy this modern spectre that haunts the Wallhalla of art, and dis-

may the cultivated sense of the beautiful, he has attacked only those most apparent and popular aspects of it, which are too frequently fit subjects for generous scorn, without examining into its hidden capacities, and fairly analyzing its possible applications. It is not just, for instance, to talk about concealing a noble masonic arch with "a veil of flimsy and trifling ornament, bought at shops, and hung up with tennypenny nails," when the question is not of where it is obtained or how it is obtained, where it is placed or how it is placed, but of the uses of ornament abstractly, and in what degree even the noblest intentions of ornament may be met by cast iron.

I have ever acknowledged and, I think, felt that architecture was the "art of expressing in the construction of a building the uses and purposes for which it is erected." And, by the by, when I stated that *we expect in a building little more than the pure architectural expression of fitness for its peculiar purposes*, it seems to me that I merely uttered a parallel to this definition, and am consequently surprised to find that I am attacked at this point with peculiar force. Howbeit, bearing this definition in my mind, I am yet to be convinced that cast iron, though used superficially, necessarily offends against its requirements; for I do not propose to conceal construction, but to *illustrate* it and give it honor, and in thus emphasizing that construction I assist in its expression. I would use iron as a decorative language, and as such I take especial pleasure in its practical uselessness. In this uselessness is its eloquence and chief beauty, and when I affix it to my arch; or in any way cause it to accompany my arch, not in the form of "pretty ornaments" or "unmeaning ornaments," or "trifling and flimsy ornaments," but in decorative forms suited to the peculiar spirit of that arch, I conceive that I honor and illustrate that feature by so doing. It is not a question how I secure that ornament in its place, whether it be as the bronzes were secured to the pediments of the Roman Pantheon, or even as the abortive ornaments are stuck on a modern stove. This is not the question, so long as I confess my material, and am not ashamed of my manner of applying it. I would not undertake this method whimsically, or without reason, but if it were desirable to enrich the arch at all, or to decorate any other constructive feature, and if I could not afford to carve that enrichment in the stone itself, or in any way express it in the brick, which I would of course prefer to do, I know of no æsthetic reason why I should not avail myself of any cheaper and durable material for that purpose.

From this point it becomes merely a question of degree. To what extent are we to allow ourselves to use such decoration? To this no one mind could undertake to attach sumptuary laws of limitation; and whether this system, if used at all, must be confined to emphasizing points, or whether, a more important feature, it may be spread as a screen or otherwise over a whole façade, it is scarcely for us to decide. It is one of those things which, beginning with small things, are developed by time. A Minerva-birth in art is impossible. I am aware that the temptation to overuse an ornament so facile would be great, and that this facility would tend to lessen its value. It is evident, therefore, that there would be a greater demand for study and thought in such a decoration, and that the architect would shrink from the use of any conventional ornament, which, while allowable in stone, the difficulties of which would chastise its use, in iron would be commonplace from its *fatal availability*. Thus, instead of demanding the authority of the schools, he would be compelled to refer to the book of Nature for suggestions, or obtain appropriate novelty from the infinity